

State Normal Magazine

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Autumn

Mary Evelyn Mull, '20, Adelphian

The lowering clouds are overhead,
Slow pass the weary hours;
The winds are wailing low and sad—
They're mourning for the flowers.
Dead, drifting, blown, are Summer's leaves;
The woods are brown and sere;
'Tis twilight of the year's long day;
Chill Autumn's dying here.

O give me Winter, merry, brisk—
White snow down-dancing fast;
Or Springtime, with the blowing flowers;
Or Summer, come at last
With laughing streams and singing birds,
And meadows lush, abloom,
To Autumn's bare and sullen fields
And melancholy gloom.



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The "Picked Chicken"

Pauline Granger, '19, Adelphian

They were all in Virginia Newton's room feasting upon "The Box". Their conversation drifted from one thing to another, until they were really and personally criticizing some of the Freshmen who had recently arrived.

"And please look at Martha Hues," said one of the girls.

"Did you ever *see* any one to equal her?" Virginia exclaimed. "It makes me squirm to think that such a girl should be in this school. What do you think of her, girls?"

"Well, I don't know why, but every time I look at her I think of a picked chicken," declared Eleanor Carter.

"It is perfectly absurd for a girl to be as homely as she is," Helen Warren added lazily.

Then Grace turned with blazing eyes and faced the beautiful girl, who sat by the window, upon her mouth an amused smile.

"That's the most downright beastly thing I ever heard any one say in my whole life!" she cried, "and from you, Helen Warren, whose good looks dropped down on you from the clouds! Oh, I wouldn't have believed it of you."

"Well, dear, have you anything else to say?" Helen asked quietly.

"No, I'm going to my room," retorted Grace.

"Oh, you needn't," replied Helen. "I'm going myself. I must wrestle with that everlasting geometry! Good-bye, girls!" She smiled as she skipped out, and the others laughed. Helen had never been known to worry over mathematics before.

At the corner of the hall Helen stopped suddenly, just in time to avoid bumping into the slender form of a pale girl, whose eyes and cheeks gave evidence of recent crying. As they passed each other, Helen caught her sleeve.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Please tell me."

Martha Hues looked up and her eyes darkened.

"Just everything! I'm so *hideous*—everything about me!" the Freshman wailed.

"Oh, that's nonsense; no one is ugly if she really cares to be otherwise. And you have plenty of good points if you would only bring them out. There's your nose, for example. I'd like to have as pretty a one myself."

That startled the little Freshman. "You? Why, you are beautiful; everybody says so!"

"Come to my room tonight," Helen said kindly. "I've something to tell you."

"Perhaps she won't come," she said to herself, as she sat in her room with a crowd of her friends after supper.

But Martha did come, although very shyly and ready to retreat.

When she saw the other girls, she drew back, and the color rushed into her cheeks. But Helen pulled her in.

"They are going," she declared reassuringly, as they were already on their feet. One or two spoke to Martha, but most of them did not notice her. When the last girl had gone, Helen locked the door.

"Not to lock you in, but the others out," she laughingly explained.

Martha Hues, stiff and awkward, seated herself on the side of the bed.

"What did you want with me?" she asked abruptly.

"Just a little private talk between you and me, on the responsibility of being good-looking."

Martha's face turned red, and jumping to her feet, she said, "I didn't think you would make fun of me."

Helen pushed her into a chair gently and said, "I wouldn't for anything, but listen! Do you know Mabel Wren?"

"Yes."

"Do you not think she is very pretty?"

"Yes, very."

"Had you ever thought to take to pieces a person whom you considered very pretty and see wherein her good looks really lay? Well, here is Mabel. Her hair isn't one bit prettier than yours, but she wears it in a way that is becoming; her complexion isn't very good, but she wears colors that are right for it, and her smiles and sweet ways do all the rest."

"She knows how," Martha replied stiffly.

"And so may any girl who cares enough to learn. It is only a question of sticking to it, and getting plenty of fresh air and exercise."

"Oh, I just hate 'gym.', and being compelled to walk just because it is supposed to be good for you. How would *you* like for one of your teachers to tell you to spend *hours* each day on geometry, that makes you hate the a b c's in the alphabet, because they remind you of mathematics? Would you think it fun, if it were suggested to you as a nice, easy little pastime?"

Helen had to admit that she would loathe it.

"Well, then!" said Martha, feeling that she had proven her point.

"But," declared Helen, "if I felt that the success of my whole life depended upon my mastering those a b c's, I hope I'd have resolution enough to do it."

"But there are other things besides looks," she said. "There are brains."

"Martha, do you remember our Dean's telling us of a girl who graduated here two or three years ago, at the head of her class, but when it came to getting a position she had to take one of the poorest?"

"No; what was the objection to her?" questioned Martha.

"It was this," answered Helen. "She didn't think that everyday things, looks and manners, counted. She never paid any attention to her hair or dress, and she was very odd and solitary. It was her appearance and manners that were against her. She had never learned to make a good impression."

"I think it was a shame!"

"No, it wasn't. Not many girls have to do higher algebra or geometry after they leave college, but they all have to meet people every day of their lives; and there are as great problems in people as in mathematics."

"Well, what are you going to do when you don't know how?" asked Martha.

"Will you let me help you, Martha?"

For a few minutes there was perfect quiet in the room; one was fighting within herself and wondering what to say, and the other was waiting eagerly for an answer. Suddenly Martha rushed to the door, unlocked it, and threw it open. Turning upon Helen, fairly panting with anger, she cried: "I may be ugly, awkward, and stupid, and a thousand other things, but there is one thing I will never do, and that is to accept charity from any one!"

After this speech, she disappeared down the hall.

Helen was angry. Never in all her happy life had she met with such a rebuff. She had not offered this girl her money. She was offering her time, her interest, her talent. Finally pity took the place of anger and she resolved to see her at once and explain it all to her.

The next day and the next Helen did not have a chance to speak to Martha. On the third day she met her in the hall, but seeing that Martha did not wish to speak to her, she passed on into her room.

The next day, on geometry, Helen went to the board and failed completely. As she returned to her seat, she caught the eyes of Martha Hues resting upon her. There was wonder and sympathy in Martha's eyes, and suddenly she realized that she was *pitying* her, because she had failed on her theorem. Above all things Helen resented this. She did not want to be pitied by anyone. And then she understood. Did Martha Hues like being pitied any more than she herself did? This thought played through her mind the whole day; and that evening she went to Martha's room.

"May I come in?" she called cheerily, "or are you too busy?"

Martha opened the door slowly and looked into Helen's

face. Then her expression changed and she said: "You are tired, Helen; take this chair."

Helen accepted it, but as soon as possible began to tell her mission.

"I've come to ask you something—a favor. I guess you remember my terrible failure on geometry today."

"Yes, I was very sorry," she answered.

"So am I, now," Helen replied. "But that's nothing unusual for me. I've failed every day for the last two months. I just hate geometry, and did not see the use in wasting my time over it, until I saw how you looked at me today, and I've been fighting the thing out ever since. And now I've come to the 'favor'. Will you coach me so I can catch up with the rest? Have you time to do it?"

Martha sat silent for a few minutes, then she said:

"Yes, I will under one condition."

"All right, Martha," Helen replied, "if only you do not cheat yourself."

"It is that you will teach me what we were discussing the other night, if you can. I was *so* angry that night, but it was only because I knew you were telling the truth."

"Oh, will you, Martha?" she cried. "Nothing on earth would make me happier. But I warn you that I'm going to have all the fun and you the hard work; because I'm going to make a glowing success of my pupil, and you never will."

"But, remember how much I hate the walks that you will be sure to prescribe."

"But you will never hate them one-half as much as I do that geometry," Helen returned; and the situation was so funny that both had to laugh. But each in her heart was determined to help the other overcome what she termed her very greatest difficulty.

Helen had a harder time than she had expected. For timid little Martha, who always shrank from notice, could hardly summon enough courage to arrange her hair differently; and as for going with the other girls, this required more strength than she possessed.

It was Grace who first discovered what was going on between the two. It occurred to her one day when she saw

Helen and Martha come in from a walk together. Later, as they were walking down the hall, she pulled Helen into her room and pushing her into a chair, said abruptly:

"Helen Warren, you are the dearest thing I have ever seen! I'm so everlasting proud of you I don't know what to do!"

That was all; but from that time on, Grace and the other girls slowly but surely drew Martha into the crowd. But that was not the real secret; it was that Helen and Martha had become firm and lasting friends—and when people are fast friends all kinds of wonderful things are sure to take place.

One day a few months later, all the girls were resting on the steps of the gymnasium after a long tramp. Eleanor Carter was glancing idly from one face to another, until her eyes rested on Martha. She was perfectly astonished. "Why, Martha Hues, these walks must do you loads of good! I never saw anyone change as you have, in my life!"

"Well, girls, don't you think I've changed?" Helen asked in her lazy drawl.

"You?" Eleanor cried, "I'd like to know in what way you have changed!"

"Well, really I hardly hoped to, but Miss Wolfe seemed to think that a change in the marks on my geometry papers would be an improvement. Do you girls realize that I haven't failed to prove my theorem at the board for a whole month?"

Eleanor was dumfounded, but at last she said: "Well, that is certainly a fact, but I had not realized it before. Please tell me what has caused such a miracle to take place under my very nose, without my observing it."

"No, I won't tell you! Such genius would not be appreciated in this midst!" murmured Helen in mock solemnity. But looking over Eleanor's curly head, she met the steadfast eyes of Martha Hues, and these two understood.

The Legend of Piney Prospect

Gladys McEachern, '19, Adelphian

Every school and college, I suppose, has its legends, its mysteries. I have often heard accounts of the weird, but romantic legend of the University of —. And many times I have visited the blood-stained rock in the center of the clearing on the brow of Piney Prospect, the scene of a midnight duel. And yet, I had never been much impressed—had never given this love story and its tragic ending much thought.

But one bright May morning I went with a crowd of girls for a long walk, and in some unaccountable way my friend and I wandered away from the others.

We were walking along the country road which winds around Piney Prospect, seeking a cool drink and a shady place to rest until our companions should pass that way. Just ahead we saw a very picturesque log cabin, such as, I imagine, belonged to the old colonial days. It was just the place we were looking for. Over in one corner of the yard which surrounded it stood an old wooden well, and in it, hanging by a rusty chain, was a lovely old-fashioned, moss covered bucket, dripping as if it had just been pulled from the cool, rippling depths far below.

As we neared the cabin a quaint melody was wafted towards us, sung in a cracked, but tender old voice. I motioned for my companion to be still, but the song ceased abruptly. In the doorway sat a very feeble, very wrinkled, old negro mammy, capped in a snowy turban, with scarlet bandanna about her neck.

We approached and asked if we might rest awhile and have a drink from the well. We seated ourselves on the doorstep, and as I had seen a path leading from the well up the steep, rocky side of Prospect, and was thinking of the long way home, and hoping to find some short cut, I ventured to ask where this footpath led. The old woman shook her head and the smile left her face.

“Ain’t you neber heard tell of Marse Louis and Mis’ Fanny? Dat path leads to the little grave yard what once

b'longed to de big house on top of de hill, what was burned down indurin' de war.

"And I'm de only one of dem faithless niggers what am lef' here to guard de grave of my young mistis and her sweetheart, dat sleeps side by side in dat little grave yard up yonder on de top of de hill." Here I interrupted, for I had a thirst that day to hear this oft repeated story from one who had been so near.

"Aunty, do begin at the very first and tell us all about it," I said. And this is what she told:

In the year 1831, Peter Dromgoole was a student at the University of North Carolina. He came of a fine old family of Virginia, and was a talented, high-spirited boy, but he had a fiery temper. It was his lack of self-control that led to his challenging "Marse Louis", his best friend and roommate, and his rival for the hand of "Mis' Fanny", Louis' cousin.

It was a beautiful night, almost as bright as day. About midnight this old mammy, then "Mis' Fanny's" maid, was returning from the "Big House", where she had been helping her mistress after the commencement ball. She was walking along this same little path up the hillside, when she saw four men standing on its crest, and heard "Marse Louis" say: "If I get shot tonight—." What was she to do? Good gracious! "Marse Louis" goin' to fight? She did not stop to hear more, but ran back to "Mis' Fanny", who was ready for bed. She panted out that if "Mis' Fanny" cared for "Marse Louis'" life, to hurry up. "Mis' Fanny" followed, hardly touching the ground. But just as they came to the turn of the path the pistols were fired. "Mis' Fanny" stopped still; her shawl dropped from her shoulders and she seemed about to fall. There she stood like a ghost, one hand on her heart, and a tiny thread of red trickling through her parted lips. She tried to move, but could not, and was carried to the clearing.

"He is dead," one of the men said.

She stared. There on the rock was "Marse Louis", with the moonlight on his face. She did not move or speak a word. Then Peter Dromgoole stepped forward and knelt before her. She did not speak, only pointed to the face of Louis. The

man understood. He turned through the woods and has never been seen since. They carried "Mis' Fanny" back to the house, and "Marse Louis" was buried up there on the hill. Not long afterward "Mis' Fanny" was laid by his side, like a great white lily that was bruised and drooping with waiting and waiting for the lover that never came back.

It is said that the red stains on the rock of Piney Prospect are the blood of "Marse Louis", and that at midnight, at certain times of the year, one can see this weird duel—phantoms in the moonlight.

Dem Freshmens

Linnie Albright, '19, Cornelian

Aw, g'off f'm heah! jes go on off;
Who's got time fo' yo' foolin'?
Le'me tell yo' 'bout dis bran' new class
W'at's come heah fo' its schoolin'.

Bigger'n eber, folks all say—
De mattah's most deplorin';
We'll need mo' do'mitories soon,
An' places fo' dey storin'.

Dey's awganized dey class, I heah,
An' now dey'll all be workin'—
Who eber hea'd ob "Red and Whites"
Dey class work eber shirkin'?

Ob co'se, we lub each uthah class,
What's come heah to de college.
Dey's *all* so young, an' fresh, an' green,
So eagel after knowledge.

But dese heah Freshmens seems to be
Lots greener dan de res';
An' mebbe dat's de reason why
We has to lub dem bes'!

Macbeth

Gaynelle Yates, '19, Adelphian

A characterization of Macbeth as a man must necessarily seem to be full of contradictions; necessarily, I say, because Macbeth was only a poor, weak human being, even as you and I, and who shall deny that human nature is contradictory?

We are glad to note the good points in the character of Macbeth. Physically, he is a brave man, a courageous soldier, and a good general. This is shown by the fact that he had the full confidence of his friend and cousin, King Duncan, and a numerous band of followers. Macbeth showed more shrewd, practical sense than his wife. He did not hesitate in his murder, because he thought it wrong to kill a good man, but because the very goodness of the man makes the chance of escape less for the murderer; because

“ . . . his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.”

On the other hand, Macbeth was woefully weak, both morally and mentally. His own wife recognized this and used her knowledge to her own advantage. She knew that he did not seek to do the right for love of right; but he sought weakly to do it for the love of the worldly conveniences which right-doing brings. He catered to public opinion and was anxious to do the thing which would look best to the gaping, curious world. The fact that Macbeth was dominated by his wife is often offered as an excuse for his crimes. Have little patience with that theory; it does not excuse. If Macbeth had had any moral stamina, he could have resisted successfully the crafty temptations with which she beset him.

While Lady Macbeth loved her husband, she could not have respected him. She knew him to be irresolute—a coward—and while she respected his courage as a soldier, she knew the moral weakness that was in his wish to stand fair with the world. If he had flinched from evil because it was evil, and stood firm for the right as right, she would have

honored him for that courage also, and helped to sustain it. But he desired by murder to obtain a crown, and might be withheld by a cowardice that she disdained to share. By her help, then, he should attain his wish—and, incidentally, hers, for she had a great ambition to be queen. She taunted him with his fear and lack of love for her and bade him

“Screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail.”

We see her opinion of him in the following lines which excuse, as far as a wife's love may, her husband's weakness:

“Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk o' human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldest be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: What thou wouldest highly,
That wouldest thou holily; wouldest not play false,
And yet wouldest wrongly win: Thou'dst have, Great Glamis,
That which cries, '*Thus thou must do—*' ”

In his own miserable way Macbeth was a man. At one time he resolved to give up the whole business, leaving it to chance to crown him. But he was easily won from this resolution by his wife's taunts of “Coward!” and that old, old plaint, “You don't love me any more.” The fact that Macbeth is mentally weak is shown when he goes mad with terror and despair, and sees all sorts of horrible things, of which no one else dreams. Yet, at the last, when the dearest wishes of his heart are being thwarted, we cannot but admire the grim courage of the man, even when we know it has its root in despair, as he groans,

“They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.”

Macbeth loved his wife. To this, with the vaulting ambitions of the pair, may be attributed their downfall. Lady Macbeth had an unquenchable desire to bear the title of a queen; Macbeth wanted, just as badly, to be king. So it was an easy matter for his wife to urge over the precipice the man she loved.

In studying the character of Macbeth it would not be an easy matter to lay one's hand on any one thing and say, “*This was the cause—*.” Truly, the three wierd sisters had a great

influence over the man, but this may be attributed to the part of his nature which was superstitious enough to respond to their insinuations. In the same way Lady Macbeth may be said to have possessed her great influence over him solely through her knowledge of his nature, which, as we know, was very human, and quite frail. This is not wholly true, however. Most of Lady Macbeth's influence may be traced to her husband's great love for her. He had never ceased to be her lover and could not bear to do anything which would call down her displeasure upon him. Some men tell us that a man will go to any length for the woman he loves—that he will stop at nothing which will please her. Perhaps with some men this is true. This unreasoning love of the one woman is not always the case, however. But Macbeth did love his wife. "My dearest partner of greatness," he called her, and again, "dearest chuck". We read this great love most clearly between the lines, when he is swayed by her will and skillful management of words, and the clever ways in which she approaches him.

Thus he is buffeted about by inward and outward forces until he comes to the bitter end of gracing his enemy's triumph. His sigh for his lost peace is pitiful.

"My way of life is fallen into the sere,
The yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have."

Truly, "To die well in the wars of life, and live on as God's soldier, is not the grief of death. Its grief is when the stroke falls on 'the cursed head', when the enemy has trodden down the life upon the earth, and laid its honor in the dust."

The Power of Public Opinion

Godena Pope, '19

In all ages of history, perhaps more than many of us can realize, public opinion has exerted a powerful influence both on conduct and human development. It has determined many momentous questions, and in fact, it bears a force, silent and powerful, in our daily lives; for what one of us has not heard the question, "But, what will people say?" Many are cowed by that awful thought and are kept from following a sudden impulse. Public opinion, like electricity, is known to be a force of great potency, its effects are perceived on every hand; but an adequate explanation of the force itself or its modes of application is still wanting.

What do we mean by public opinion? How is it constituted? Is it a judgment clearly formed after careful study?

"The simplest primary organ of public opinion is conversation," so says Dr. Walter Shepard, of the University of Wisconsin. The greatest organ is perhaps the press. Correspondence has also been a most useful organ. Diderot in a letter to Necker in 1775 defined public opinion in the following words: "Opinion, that volatile something, with whose power for good and evil we are all acquainted, in its origin is nothing but the work of a small number of men, who speak only after having thought, and who continually form in different sections of society, centers of instruction from whence both errors and reasoned truths are disseminated, little by little, to the farthest limits of the duty in which they are established as articles of faith."

In the time of the early Christians, they would not have been treated half so cruelly had it not been for the jealousy and thirst for blood shown by the barbarous people of that age. Even Aristotle, the great Greek philosopher, was compelled by public sentiment to leave his home and live in seclusion until his death. One of the most interesting bits of history is the trial by public opinion of Piso for the death of Germanius. In the days of ancient Rome they had no pro-

visions for the recall of judges or judicial decisions; this trial was a case in which court and Emperor alike were powerless in the face of public opinion.

Again, in the period of the French Revolution, the mob, incensed by the selfishness, profligacy, and extravagance of the court of Louis XIV, rose up, and with one voice proclaimed to the whole world that they had at last thrown off their yoke, and would think for themselves. They took things into their own hands, determined to have their rights at any cost, regardless even of royal authority. They actually became so accustomed to the horrible sights that the old women would sit and watch the heads of noblemen, women and children drop from the guillotine, and count them as they counted the stitches in their knitting. It is horrible to think that even public opinion could ever bring human beings to such a state of mind and heart as to make them actually rejoice in the slaughter of even their oppressors.

Public opinion drove both Byron and Shelley from England. Byron was forced to seek solace in Italy, on account of his private life. Shelley also went to Italy.

The most striking instance of public sentiment of all time is the spectacle of Christ, brought before Pilate, in crimson robe, with a crown of thorns placed upon his head by cruel hands, and his sad eyes fixed compassionately on the raving crowd before Him, as they shrieked like demons, spit upon Him, and cried out, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" and Pilate, frightened by their vehemence and the thought of their wrath, sentencing the Savior to a shameful death upon the cross. Was not that public opinion at work? Had it not been for Pilate's fear of the people, he would have obeyed his own impulses and freed Christ.

How many instances there are in our own lives and in the lives of others around us, in which we smother our best impulses for fear of public sentiment. How many times we draw back from some good deed when we should have obeyed our own consciences. On the other hand, the knowledge of public opinion leads us to be careful in our conduct. We are ever mindful of that silent force, and we do much good which we otherwise would neglect. This power for good and evil

is with us in polities, in religion, in every phase of daily activity.

It has been stated that the press is the most important organ in creating public opinion. Newspapers are so widespread throughout the country that practically everyone sees at least one a day. Very often they have much to do with an uprising in a mining town, or a servants' strike, and other evils. During the Civil War, and even before, the small abolition paper published by Garrison did much to create and foster sectional hatred. But what a great good it accomplished also! During the past few years there has not been nearly so much fraud in political life as before, for it is brought immediately before the people if any dishonesty is being practiced. Public men must be honest, God-fearing men if they expect to represent the people in the government. For instance, take the case of Terre Haute, where twenty-one public men were convicted and sent to prison on account of fraud. The people of today will not put up with this. They have awakened to the true state of affairs.

Religious conduct is likewise very much affected under the censorship of public sentiment. How much the desecration of the Sabbath is being talked of! What an influence this has over many. People sometimes give to the church mainly for the reason that others would call them stingy. But the influence exerted is practically always for the best.

The sympathy of the public has long since turned from the gay social butterfly, who thinks only of herself, and does nothing to help others. Public sympathy is with the noble women and men who give themselves for others. The young women of today have a new ideal, not to be social leaders, although many such are very good women, but to be good housekeepers, wives, and mothers. An awakened conscience has brought them to this. Think how much more the people honor the Red Cross nurse than they do the leader of a new fashionable set in New York. Most of us realize now that:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power. And, because right is right, to follow right were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

We may find that up to the present time many current ideas have not been based on real thought, but have been largely made up of prejudice and sentiment, and are easily swayed in almost any direction. We have seen still further that it is perhaps one of the greatest misfortunes of our time and country that public opinion has been heretofore so little a matter of judgment based on thoughtful consideration.

There has been no better time than the present to observe the rise and development of public thought. The collective thinking of the American people is proceeding on a large scale and at a rapid rate. This is especially true in the South, where commercial and educational ideas are developing wonderfully fast. It is displaying new features worthy of discernment. The material of this new movement is very clear, and is becoming daily more positive. It is the belief that the people of the United States must and can organize their power, not only for the control of political matters, but also for the betterment of the daily life of the masses, and a better understanding of the common welfare.

The people are waking up. They are thinking ably and collectively for themselves. They are their own leaders. They are beginning at last to have a thoughtful estimate of public matters. Public opinion will gather in force and power in the ages to come, and, like the waves on the great sea, will spread outward, and onward, leaving a course clear, beautiful, and broad, upon which future generations need not fear to travel.



SKETCHES

Bells—and New Girls

Aline Reid, '19, Cornelian

They are with us, they are with us
Ever and anon.

There are bells and bells. The Normal is verily alive with them—electric bells, hand bells, and campus bells. We love Poe's "Bells" because of the music, the rhythm; because it is Poe's. But, we do not really *appreciate* "The Bells" until we spend at least one week at our Normal.

The first question a new girl is likely to ask when, suddenly and without warning, she hears something clang at her very door is: "What on earth is that?" The next is: "What is that for?" Those bells—they bid her to move, to hurry, to go at once. If she does not heed them, there are those dreaded "excuses" to the Registrar that must be handed in by Saturday at six o'clock. At night, if she should disregard their warning, she is told—gently, or otherwise—to go to her room immediately. They mean emphatically "lights off", even if she does happen to be in the midst of rolling up the curls with which she hopes to impress the upper classmen the next day. Those bells! They frighten her, they insult her, they make her angry, they make her furious.

In the silence of the night
How she shivers with affright!
Oh, those bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their ringing tells
Of (her) despair.

A half an hour before each meal she hears the campus bell ring. This is "prep". It cheers her drooping spirits and bids her not despair, for she soon will be revived. In a short

time after she enters the dining room tinkles another bell—the Dean's—the least bell of all, but in size alone. It prefaces a long series of announcements—enumerated committees and young ladies to gather at enumerated places for the respectively enumerated purposes. This bell indicates also that for the next few moments there shall be no rattling of silver or china—be it never so accidental. But at length she forgets her woes, she becomes gay and laughs with the others, and her failures and misfortunes are forgotten.

“Ah, these bells, bells, bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!”

On Sunday, after dinner, the new girl again hears the campus bell, but this time the tone has changed. What a world of *peace* its melody now foretells. It means to her two and one-half hours of rest, of quiet, of letters to those she so lately left behind her. 'Tis then she pours out her heart-aches and longings, her disappointments and desires. She tells her misery to some one else, she lifts the burden from her heart, and she is refreshed.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
We eat, we sleep, we walk, we talk,
To the swinging and the ringing of the bells!

New Girls—and Old Girls

Camille Campbell, '19, Cornelian

Do the old girls realize how much their friendship and welcome have meant to the new girls? Every girl who is leaving her home to be gone a long, long time is naturally lonesome and homesick; and a cheerful word and a pleasant smile go a long way toward comforting her. It is “mighty nice” to be met at the station and helped on the street car by a happy, enthusiastic girl; it is better to be met at the car line by some more girls who help carry our suitcases and bundles “free of charge”, and make us feel so very welcome, and better still to be met at the front door by still other girls and shown to our rooms, where everything possible is done to

make us feel comfortable and at home; but best of all is the hearty handshake, the reassuring word and the look of understanding of our new acquaintances.

Turnip Greens

Nancy Yarborough, '19, Adelphian

Up and down the noisy street
Daily trudges Uncle Pete,
Crying often on his beat—
“Turnip greens, buy turnip greens.”

Turnip greens are what he brings;
You will find them just the things,
Listen to him while he sings—
“Turnip greens, buy turnip greens.”

What is that dark figure approaching this crisp, fresh morning? A swift breeze bears to us the discordant tones of an aged negro's broken voice. As he slowly creeps nearer, we can see how shuffling his footsteps are, how the burden on his back stoops him half way to the ground. Yet when he sets his covered basket on the stone steps how defiant he is of sympathy. His hat is gallantly removed, and we can see that his hair is white as the cotton he used to pick, as a small boy, on the old plantation. Of course, we want some of his turnip greens. With a bright smile he fills the shining pan full, and drops a handful into my apron for good measure. That is his way of saying, “God bless you”, and “I thank you, ‘missy’.”

Every morning this week we have seen him come, and watched him shamble off alone. He is a good servant and a faithful one. Even thoughtless youth respects his gray hairs, though I believe it is because his eyes, his bright sparkling eyes, speak more eloquently than words, and defy any one to molest him in his work. He comes singing, he goes singing: and he wears a pleasant smile in our presence. This morning he picks up his basket a little slower; it seems to be a little heavier than usual; yet he goes slowly, gaily, down the street and far down the road we hear his cry—“Turnip greens”.

An Appreciation

Lucy Crisp, '20, Adelphian

When the new girls arrived at the entrance to College Avenue on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 14th and 15th, they began to come in contact with the old girls of the College. They came to greet us with smiles of welcome; they helped us through the necessary introductions, and then took us to our rooms.

It helped us more than we can tell, to be greeted in this way; but something that helped us even more than this, was the kindness they showed us during the following days. They seemed to know just what to say to make us feel at home, and just how to treat us to make us feel that we were really a part of college life. During those first days when we were getting settled in our new homes they were always ready with any suggestion, to help us in any way.

And their interest in us did not cease after they had gotten us settled; it seemed to grow rather than diminish. And when initiation came, the greatest event of all the year, how proud we were when an old girl came up to us and told us how glad she was that we were to be in her society. We want the old girls to know that we appreciate their cordial welcome, their kindness to us, and the interest they have manifested in us, and we hope that when next year's new girls come to our College, we may be able to mean to them something of what the old girls have meant to us this year.

Happiness

Mary Evelyn Mull, '20, Adelphian

She beckons, and I follow her—
How fair she seems to be!
Pursuing still, the fleeing maid
Leads me o'er field and lea.
Now steep and lonely grows the way;
I weary—"tis so drear.
She calls, her lure I follow on,
In vain, to catch her here.



State Normal Magazine

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies.

Board of Editors

Adelphian

LOUISE WINSTON GOODWIN, '16, *Chief*
MARGUERITE WILEY, '16
MARGARET BLYTHE, '17

Cornelian

NANNIE LAMBERT, '16
GENEVIEVE MOORE, '16
ISABEL BOULDIN, '17

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FRANCES MORRIS, '17, *Assistant*

JAY MCIVER, '16, *Chief*

VOL. XX

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 2

This month we present to you our Freshmen—valiant “Red and Whites”—who are showing us thus early **OUR FRESHMEN** “what stuff they’re made of”. It was our hope to bring the new girls to the front of the line as early in the year as possible so that we might have their help, and they ours, in everything about the campus. We are proud of them, and justly so. And we hope they will have your applause as well, along with the encouragement that Freshmen deserve who enter right into things and show us what they can accomplish—even a Freshman Number of the Magazine. Never before has one class furnished practically all of the material for our Magazine. Keep it up, new girls; you’re going to do it splendidly. And we hope to give each class a chance during the year, and hope for a better Magazine than we’ve ever had before.

Girls, did it ever occur to you that we are selfish as college students? That we are “little” in this matter **COLLEGE SPIRIT** of college spirit? Last Hallowe’en night the Seniors had a house-warming; the Juniors had a party all to themselves; the Sophomores had a party for

the Freshmen. Where were the others, the irregulars? They were—oh, around, somewhere.

Did you ever stop to think, were you ever so sentimental, perhaps, as to think that our College has a spirit? That our alma mater has a heart beating behind her ivied walls—a heart devoting some corner of itself to each and every girl of us? Do you suppose that this college spirit feels a bit homeless when a lot of lesser spirits (those jolly, fine class spirits in their own places) usurp and divide her daughters on every occasion? Why don't we all get together and have a big family frolic sometime, a *college party*? This is just the social side of the college spirit question, however.

Of course, we do a lot of *talking* about college spirit—always have. Just what *is* college spirit, and just how should we foster it, you say? It is that something that makes a girl put everything she can into every phase of college life—and get out of it everything she can.

What is it that makes an inter-university foot ball game so interesting? *College spirit!* Of course, we don't have the opportunity to fight on inter-collegiate gridirons. But we do have athletics, and athletics should be a very potent factor in our campus life. Even if you don't "go into training" on your team, you can throw yourself into your team practice—*always be there*, always play your hardest. If you don't play, you belong on the side lines, giving your interest, your enthusiasm to liven up the game. It's not merely a pleasure to do this; you owe athletics a spirit of loyalty and interest, *because* athletics are in our midst to foster and benefit by.

Apply this argument to the big game of college life as a whole. Don't you see how we would come closer together, for the side lines as well as the field are crowded, elbow-touching places; don't you see that our Student Government, our Y. W. C. A., our societies, our classes, our Magazine, would necessarily imbibe new strength, new life; that our academic work would receive fresh impetus, simply because our whole attitude is revivified and more enthusiastic. "The chain is as strong as its weakest link," you know. Then every link in the chain of our college relationships, in her service and her efficiency must be as strong as seven hundred

girls, with the proper quality and quantity of college spirit, can make it.

We are constantly—and quite decorously ambitious we are about it, too—hoping and planning for ours to be a “fourteen unit college”. I say, would any red-blooded fourteen-unit college *own* the faint, half-dead college spirit we manifest? A real wide-awake prep. school would be *ashamed* of it. Much more should a college that has the dignity, the prestige and splendid efficiency ours has in its administrative and academic departments. But she shows the want of loyalty and a really practical college spirit among the students.

Now this fall is the time for us to regenerate, and then keep on generating “college spirit”, that thing that sounds so well when we talk about it; that we need so badly, and that is so hard to lay hold of in a practical, working way. But you can *feel* it, or the lack of it, in yourself. And the sooner we realize this and set about to remedy it, the happier and richer we shall be.

L. W. G., '16.

The conviction that our College needs some agent or agents which will keep the students in touch with the outside world, which will keep the outside world in touch with us and which will give us a more wholesome unity among ourselves, has of late been strongly impressed upon me. Intercollegiate activities, it seems to me, will solve these three problems.

The general tendency of the students on entering college in the fall is to sever all connections with the outside world, save personal correspondence, and to become so swallowed up in local activities that they forget, seemingly, the existence of a world full of men and women, many of whom in college communities, are struggling with the same problems in the same ways, toward the same ends that we are. Intercollegiate activities would certainly put us in touch with the colleges of the section, and by thus broadening the range of our interests, the scope of our vision and the channels of our thought, begin to tear down the wall which we seem to have built about the edge of our campus.

From our relation to the outside world let us turn to the

relation of the outside world toward us. Sad to say, this is, for the most part, ignorance and, for the majority of the remainder, indifference. This is true in our own state. Question the students now here in college and you will find that their idea of the size and standing of the College was markedly inadequate before they arrived here. The average citizen of North Carolina and neighboring states thinks of our College, if he knows of its existence, as a small, cheap apology for a normal school to which men who cannot afford a good college send their daughters. Why this should be true I do not know, but how it can be prevented from remaining true I will tell you. If our hockey, basket ball and tennis teams were scoring big games with well known colleges all over this section, if our debaters were competing with debaters from the first colleges of the south, the people would at least begin to question, and if they question, we are assured of their recognition and respect.

Before we as a body can find our proper relation to the life of the outer world, before we can compel the outer world to take its proper relation toward us, we must have adjusted relationships within our own community. We must have unity. Rather than the intense, warring loyalties to many petty causes, we must have loyalty to a common cause. Class and society spirit are splendid things, wholesome things, but when these are the only outlet for that rival, almost hostile, spirit so strong during college years, when we are compelled to live in such close contact with those whom we are striving to defeat, there is an almost uncontrollable tendency toward personal enmity. Intercollegiate activities give the necessary outlet for the spirit of loyalty to one organization as opposed to another, without the faults of the present system and with the addition of an influence toward unity and college spirit. It was said in mass meeting not long ago, that we have little college spirit. We have little stimulus for college spirit. That we have any loyalty to the College, as a whole, save as it is the home of our classes and societies, is doubtful, and until the College as a whole enters some field which demands our work and arouses our enthusiasm and loyalty, we cannot realize that the college has, over and above the composite personality of class and society, a distinct individual personality which claims our loyalty.

M. G., '18.



AMONG OURSELVES

Isabel Bouldin, '17, Cornelian

The first of the series of lectures which our health department has arranged for the girls were given October 22, 1915. Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, of the great Northwestern University, of Chicago, spoke to the girls on "Advice I Would Give My Daughter", in the afternoon, and the "Social Development of the Race", in the evening. True to his reputation Dr. Hall, who is an eminent scientist, made the lectures very entertaining and helpful to us all.

The students were given a rare privilege of hearing Miss Emily Rose Knox, violinist, of Raleigh, play one day last month. Miss Knox is a North Carolina artist of whom we are all proud. She rendered the beautiful "Ave Maria", by Schubert, a "Caprice", arranged by Kreisler, encoring with "Humoreske", by Dvorak.

On Thursday evening, October 28th, Dr. Hamilton Holt, editor of the Independent, lectured to the students on "Peace Federations of the World".

Thanks to Dr. Foust for giving us a room, and to the class of 1912 for bequeathing to us its furniture, the class of 1916 has a real sitting room in the basement of Spenceer. To show their appreciation of the gifts bestowed upon them, the Seniors had a house warming in this cozy little room on Hallowe'en when four ghosts entertained "in their own home". The "Sitting Room" was decorated in autumn leaves, Jack-o'-Lanterns and ferns; groups of red candles furnished the only light in the room. From their own serving room Waldorf salad, coffee, and wafers were served, while a veritable "Madame Eldon" gave away peanuts which contained the future destinies of the guests. After toasting marshmallows and singing many of our class and college songs, the ghosts dispersed to walk in other realms.

On Hallowe'en night the Junior Class had a most enjoyable party just among themselves. The members of the class went in costume, and many rare individuals were seen around the campus. At the door of the Practice Hall, where the party was held, the girls were met by two white robed ghosts who extended clammy hands of welcome. Inside the rooms were attractively decorated with Jack-o'-Lanterns and autumn leaves. Many games, such as bobbing for apples, pinning the stem on the pumpkin, etc., were indulged in by some, while toasted marshmallows, peanuts, apples, bananas, and stick candy were enjoyed by all. After the

fun was over the members of the class all gathered around the piano and sang class and college songs. All were reluctant to leave and all voted our Hallowe'en party the most homelike party that 1917 has ever held.

THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN PARTY

On Thursday, October 28th, hand bills bearing the startling notices of a circus were distributed to the Freshmen and a favored few of the faculty:

Coming!

World's Mammoth
CIRCUS

October 30th

Largest Elephants in captivity

Man-eating Bengal Tiger

Ferocious Lions of Africa

Swiftest Horses from Arabia

Champion High-Jumping Kangaroo

Dancers, Clowns and Acrobats of highest order

Green and White

Managers

Athletic Grounds

Admission, 12½ Units

At the stroke of eight o'clock October 30th, the Freshmen began to file into a huge tent on the athletic field which they had eyed with awe all the afternoon. Sofa pillow seats were arranged in tiers about the large circus ring in the center, in which, even as they assembled, clowns of all descriptions and sizes were performing. The first feature of the circus was the grand parade, far surpassing anything of the kind that has ever been seen in Greensboro. There were ponies with fairy riders, beautiful white horses driven by Grecian charioteers, dancers, a whole tribe of Indians, and animals such as have never before or since been beheld by the eye of man. There were giraffs, elephants, lions, bears, and geese, followed by a boy cart driven by a big wax doll. During all this an orchestra in red jackets and caps rendered fitting selections.

Soon the circus was in full sway. There were chariot races, Indian dances, minstrel stunts, and many unbelievable feats of daring. During the circus the clowns distributed bags of popcorn, peanuts, candy, apples, ice cream cones and finally big red balloons. After a side splitting ball game between the clowns, the circus closed with the whole company in the ring singing a song to the Freshmen who responded with songs and yells. Following another grand parade, the show was over and the Freshmen left feeling that they had never, *never*, spent a more enjoyable evening.



WITH THE SOCIETIES

October 15th and 16th were momentous dates at the College. The new girls were all initiated into one or the other of the two secret societies.

Cornelian Literary Society

The Cornelian initiation was held Friday night, October 15th, in the Cornelian Society Hall of the Students' Building. After the initiatory exercises the Cornelians, old and new, adjourned to the dining hall, where the society's annual banquet was held. The dining hall presented a beautiful appearance on this festive occasion. From the entrance to the room could be seen the long tables arranged at each side of the room and the huge triangle of tables in the centre (to represent the society pin) enclosing banks of palms and ferns. Myriads of tall white candles furnished the only light for the scene, while vases of huge yellow chrysanthemums added the needed touch of color. Menu cards, carrying out the society colors, blue and yellow, were found at each place. The following menu was greatly enjoyed:

Chicken Salad		Wafers
	Sandwiches	
	Olives	
Cream		Cake
	Coffee	
	Mints	

Miss Tempe Boddie, as toastmistress, gracefully presided over the banquet. Toasts were given by the following girls:

To our New Members, Annie Spainhour. Response, Adelaide Van Noppen.

To the Goat, Margaret George. (The goat did not respond.)

To Greensboro College for Women, Maggie Staton Howell. Response, Mrs. Lucy Robertson.

To the Adelphians, Sue Ramsey Johnson. Response, Mary Gwynn.

To the Faculty, Ruth Roth. Response, Dr. Foust.

To the Alumnae, Eva Lucas. Response, Maud Bunn.

To the City of Greensboro, Alice Poole. Response, Mayor Murphy.

Adelphian Literary Society

On the evening of October 16, 1915, the Adelphian Literary Society held its annual initiation. One hundred and sixty-nine new members were initiated. Miss Smith, Dr. Lesch, and Mr. Crawford were initiated as honorary members.

Following the initiation the annual banquet was held in the college dining hall. The tables were arranged in the shape of a diamond, and were beautifully decorated with red and yellow dahlias, carrying out the colors of the society. In the center of the hall was a Greek temple, whose massive white columns were entwined with southern smilax. Screened by a bank of palms, Hood's Orchestra added the charm of music to the occasion. The society colors were carried out in the menu cards of red morocco and yellow tinted paper, and in the menu following:

	Poinsetta Salad	
Olives		Wafers
	Caramel Cream	
Coffee		Sandwiches
	Mints	

With Miss Octavia Jordan presiding as toastmistress, toasts were proposed to:

- Our Guests, Lorena Kernodle. Response, Mr. Broadhurst.
- Our New Adelphians, Francis Movis. Response, Lou Mitchell Nixon.
- Our City, Lucy Hatch. Response, Mr. Ceasar Cone.
- Our Faculty, Lizzie Fuller. Response, Dr. Gudger.
- Adelphi, Sarah Gwynn.
- Our Alumnae, Flossie Harris. Response, Bertha Stanbury.
- Our Sister Society, Ruth Reade. Response, Ruth Kernodle.
- The Future of our College, Marguerite Wiley. Response, College Song.

Responding to the toast to Adelphi twelve Grecian maidens danced in the temple an ancient Greek dance exquisitely beautiful and rhythmic.

It was a fitting close to the evening when we sang together the college song we love so well.



Y. W. C. A.

On Wednesday evening, October 6, the cabinet members presented the work of the Association. Flossie Harris told of the work of the Membership Committee. Ruth Tate, Chairman of the Religious Meetings Committee, described the different kinds of meetings which we hope to have during the year. The social side of the Association was presented by Elizabeth Moses. Winifred Beckwith told in a very interesting manner of the finances of the Association, explaining the source and the use of the funds.

Sunday, October 10, Miss Jones, for many years a missionary in Africa, gave an interesting and instructive talk on her work in Africa, especially the condition of the women. Zora Frye sang a solo.

On Wednesday, October 13, Miss Jane Summerell, of our faculty, spoke and Jeannette Cox sang.

One of the most enjoyable services of the month was a song service held Sunday evening, October 17.

At the midweek prayer service October 21, Marion Richards read a story by Miss Burner, of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

In preparation for the Recognition Service of the new members on Wednesday evening, October 27, Louise Goodwin explained "What We, the Old Members of the Association, Want to Mean to the New Members". Annie Spainhour told "What You New Members Can Mean to the Old".

On Sunday, October 24, the Y. W. C. A. was very fortunate to secure as speaker for the vesper service Dr. Egbert Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Presbyterian Church. He delivered a stirring address for missions, giving the three essentials to the true missionary spirit, vision, prayer, and service.

One of the most impressive services of the year was the Recognition Service for the new members. On Sunday, November 1, they assembled down stairs. As the choir sang "Day Is Dying in the West", the new members filed into the auditorium. After a short prayer service each girl was given a candle which was lighted by a cabinet member. As "The Hymn of the Lights" was sung, the students left the chapel.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian

With this number of our Magazine the Exchange Department makes its debut for 1915-1916, and in the beginning we wish to extend our heartiest good wishes to all other college magazines. It is our aim to discuss here your weaker points as well as your good ones. And in turn, we hope you will unhesitatingly tell us what you think of us. A word of commendation, when deserved, will make our path easier; while, on the other hand, any bit of warning or advice will fall upon appreciative ears. The Exchange Department of your magazine and of ours, is our chance and yours to "see ourselves as others see us". So let us say what we think, and thus be of mutual benefit in the campaign for better magazines.

We miss from our desk many old friends, for whose coming we wait eagerly and with interest. Right gladly do we meet again those who are already here.

The first number of the Red and White greets us in a new costume which renders our time-honored friend well nigh unrecognizable until we open its covers. Even then we see more evidences of the Wan Gan Rae than of the former Red and White. We like the idea of a happy mean between the college newspaper and the magazine with its higher literary standards, but as each has its mission, we hope neither will submerge the other, and would utter a warning against the danger of this. However, if the publication will live up to the policy voiced in the editorial department of the Red and White, it will have done a commendable work.

The October Trinity Archive comes up to its usual standard. It is well balanced, the heavy essays being offset by two or three delightful stories.

The Wake Forest Student begins its year's work with a number in which the heavier material predominates. The poem, "To the Mountains", strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of all who love the mountains.

We welcome the maiden number of the Critograph, from Virginia Christian College.

We also acknowledge receipt of the Isaqueena and the Western Maryland College Monthly.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Margaret Blythe, '17, Adelphian

"Headache or no headache," groaned Ruth J., "I simply *refuse* to go to that *infirmitiy!*"

Miss B.: "Compare the adjective 'sick'."

Freshman: "Sick, worse, dead."

The French teacher was enumerating references to be consulted in the "bibliothèque".

"I wonder why there are so many French references in the Bible," murmured the would-be linguist to her neighbor.

A Sophomore was standing admiring the picture of the coming prima donna, posted on the bulletin board, when Mr. Brown arrived on the scene.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," begged the Sophomore, "may I have this madonna's picture?"

WITH APOLOGIES

Ruth Charles, '19, Adelphian

Hear the Proctors with their bells—Bedtime bells!

What a world of unlearned lessons their clangor then foretells!

How they jingle, jingle, jingle,
Much too early in the night!
While with sad, regretful looks
At your yet unopened books
Slowly you turn off your light
While all up and down the hall
Noisy girls are bustling all

As the tintinabulation, disconcerting, wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, Bells, Bells—
From the ringing and the clangor of the bells.

Dr. Gudger in Biology: "Now, Miss S., why is it that the nucleus in yeast is invisible?"

Miss S. (startled at the unexpectedness of it): "Why—why, because it can't be seen!"

Senior (entertaining a crowd of girls): "Girls, guess what's happened! Miss Boddie said this morning that she was surely coming out to play tennis with me!"

Sophomore (drawling): "Well, did she?"

?

Descend, oh Muse,
Upon me now,
For fain would I
A poem write—
But it is hard
For me to do,
Although I try
With all my might.

I think of scores
Of "dear, dead days",
Which brought, in turn,
Sunshine and rain—
In my attempt
To get inspired
I scratch my head
And rack my brain.

Ah! 'tis no use—
'Tis plain to me
That I have none
Of "poets' lore".
Let others write
Their bonny verse—
Methinks I'll quit,
And try no more.

Eoline Everett, '19, Cornelian.

NOTICE OF APPRECIATION

The kindness of some girl is hereby acknowledged.

One very stout girl, after being in college about two weeks, was beginning to look hungry. To her great delight, on returning to her room from church Sunday night, she found on her table—item: One delicately browned chicken foot; item: one very pale biscuit.

She is taking this means to thank her benefactress.

G. Campen, '20.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Rosa Blakeney President Annie Mae Fuller Secretary
Ruth Tate Vice-President Madeline Thompson Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Annie Spainhour, Burke County, Cornelian

Annie Beam	Cleveland County	Esther Mitchell	Granville County
Edwina Lovelace	Wilson County	Kate M. Streetman	McDowell County
Marguerite Wiley	Buncombe County	Evelyn Whitty	Jones County
Flossie Harris	Rowan County	Estelle Dillon	Craven County
Kate Jones	Buncombe County	Carrie Goforth	Caldwell County

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Lucy Hatch President Mary Powell Secretary
Lizzie Fuller . . . Vice-President May L. Fallon . . . Treasurer
Mary Dorritty . . . Critic Janie Irock . . . Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Madge Kennette President Annie Folger Secretary
Laura Holt Vice-President Agnes Petrie Treasurer
Alice V. Williams . . . Critic Sadie Lee Holton . . . Cheer Leader

Sophomore Class

Lucile Reams President Naomi Neal Secretary
Annie Newton Vice-President Mabel Smith Treasurer
Ruth White Critic

Freshman Class

Adelaide Van Noppen President	Catherine Phillips Treasurer
Mary Foust Vice-President	Macie Parham Cheer Leader
Mary Hall Secretary	Willie Moore Monitor

Y. W. C. A.

Sadie McBryer President Louise Maddry Secretary
Mary Gwynn Vice-President Sarah Gwynn Treasurer

Athletic Association

Jessie Gainey	President	Georgia Hatch	Special Vice-Pres.
Janie Irock	Senior Vice-Pres.	Janie Wright	Prep. Vice-Pres.
Hattie May Covington	Junior V.-Pres.	Madge Kennette	Secretary
Louise Davis	Soph. Vice-Pres.	Eva McDonald	Treasurer
Mary Nesbitt	Fresh. Vice-Pres.	Ellen Rosa	Critic

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- C. THE GRADUATE SCHOOL.
- D. THE SCHOOL OF LAW.
- E. THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.
- F. THE SCHOOL OF PHARMACY.
- G. THE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION.
- H. THE SUMMER SCHOOL.
- I. THE BUREAU OF EXTENSION. (1) General Information. (2) Instruction by Lectures. (3) Correspondence Courses. (4) Debate and Declamation. (5) County Economic and Social Surveys. (6) Municipal and Legislative Reference. (7) Teachers Bureau, Preparatory Schools, and College Entrance Requirements.

Information regarding the University may be secured by addressing
THOMAS J. WILSON, JR., Registrar.

SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION



of the fair performer's efforts by a bunch of our splendid flowers. She'll treasure the tribute and remember it always. You can order the flowers now to be delivered any time you say. Or if you prefer to present them in person we'll make up your order while you wait.

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